

30+40

30+ MILF Presents

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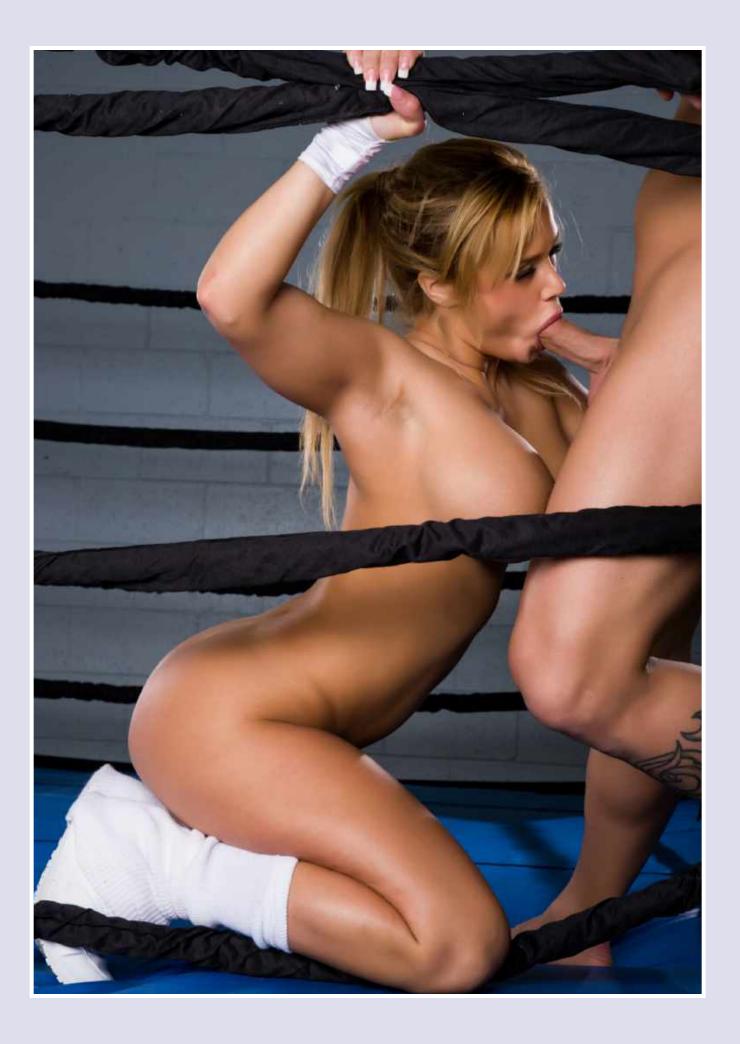






















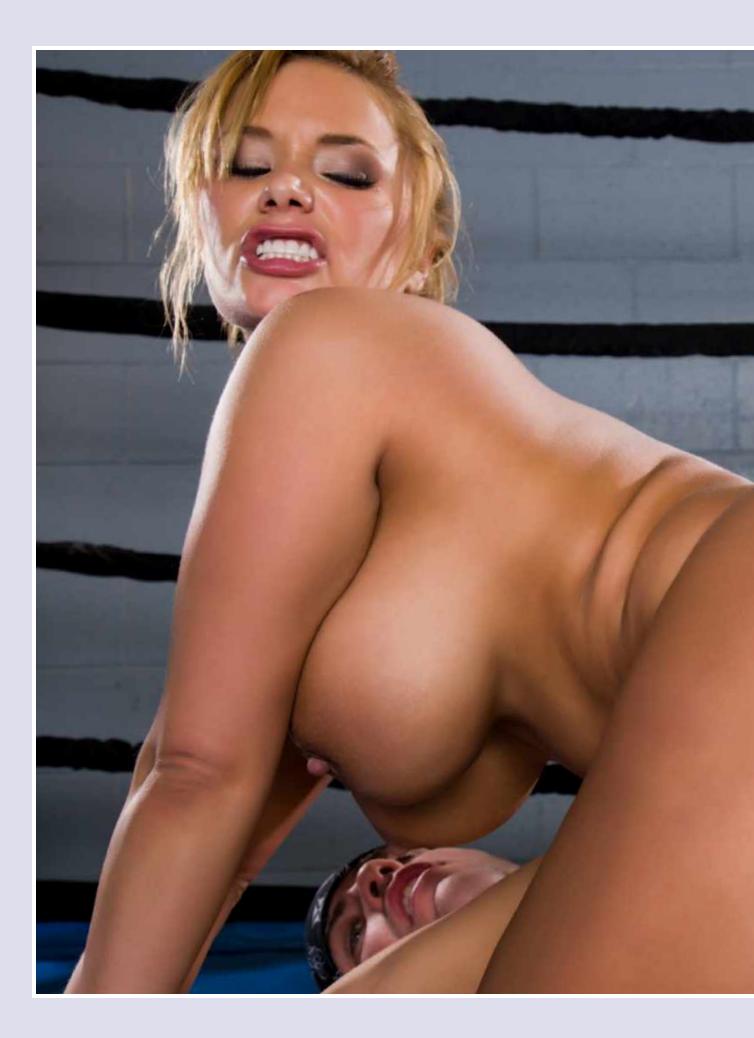


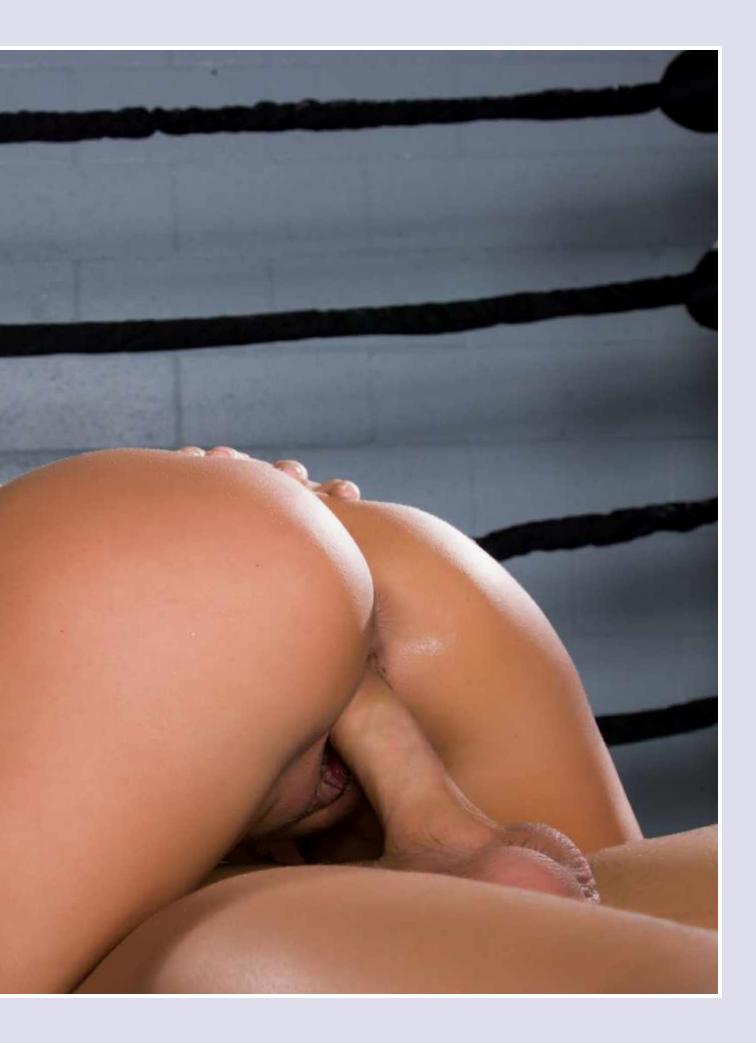


















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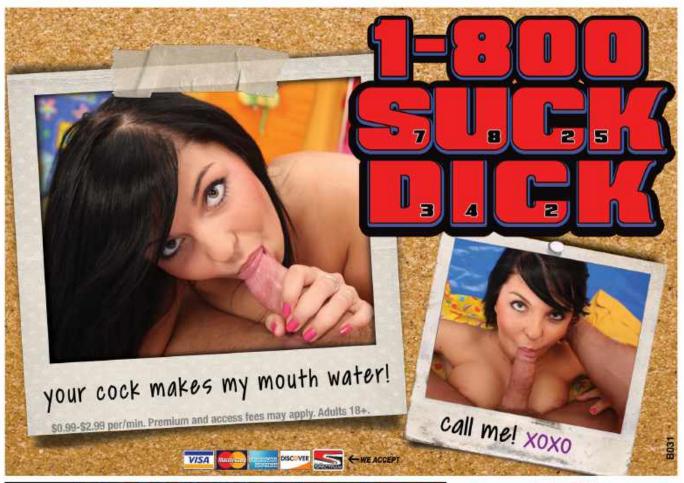
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Her slim hands were lazily and lovingly cupping, stroking, and teasing her beautiful, bountiful breasts.

When I first saw Angie lying naked by the creek, I couldn't believe my eyes. I'd been having an extra good run, moving easily through a secluded section of woods, enjoying the cool shade. I was indulging in my fondest fantasy of coming across a lovely naked female, so when I saw one I thought for a moment that my imagination conjured her up.

But she was real, even if she was a vision! I ducked behind a tree to feast my eyes. She was stretched out on an enormous flat rock that rested half in and half out of the creek. Her long red-blonde hair draped over the rock in a gleaming curtain behind her, and her feet dangled in the water. And between was a beautiful pink and white body that belonged in a centerfold!

Even more incredible was what she was doing! Her slim hands were lazily and lovingly cupping, stroking, and teasing her beautiful, bountiful breasts. My hands itched to do that for her and my cock was as hard as the rock she adorned.

She liked what she was doing. She had her eyes closed and was smiling while her body gently writhed in the sunshine. She seemed quite content to do that forever. I became impatient to see more. I moved closer, using the bushes as cover till I got to the tree that was closest to the rock. It wasn't quite big enough to hide me completely, but she wasn't looking anyway.

I sure was! I was now close enough to see the smooth folds of her pussy and the way her slim tummy quivered with rising excitement. I was just in time. Her hands wandered down over her waist and hips and she spread her legs, exposing her gaping pussy lips to my fascinated eyes. I pressed my hand against my mouth to make sure I made no sound to startle her.

She seemed like the sweetest thing, kind of innocent and pure like a kitten basking in the sun, even while she spread her pussy lips and began fingering herself. I leaned against the tree, grateful for its solid support to remind me that this was really happening. She kind of whimpered then and began talking. I hadn't expected that! I strained to hear her over the sound of the bubbling creek and my own beating heart.

"Ooh, feel that. That's so nice, so

good. Do it to me, honey. Make me come!"

That startled the hell out of me until I realized she was talking to an imaginary lover! I felt oddly embarrassed just hearing her, knowing she'd probably die of embarrassment if she knew I was there. I had to free my eager cock from my shorts as she wet her finger in her mouth and began rubbing her clit.

"Oh, baby!" she cried and rolled her head from side to side, her lazy enjoyment shattering as her need grew more urgent. It was the urgency I shared with her. I stroked my throbbing cock, matching her intensity. I began to tense up as her rubbing finger moved faster and faster. She had to pause occasionally to rewet her clit, sometimes with her spit, and sometimes by driving her finger deep inside her cunt and spreading her wetness up her slot. I was on the edge of coming, wanting to come with her, and those brief interruptions were driving me nuts.

Then she began making an excited little sound with every stroke of her finger over her clit; I knew she couldn't

stop again. I gripped my cock in my fist and held my breath, waiting for her to come so I could. She lifted her face to the sky, her mouth wide open, and arched her back off the rock. Then her beautiful body jerked once—violently. She rolled onto her side facing me, her legs drawn up and pressed together while she continued rubbing her pussy; trembling, squealing and grunting with the force of her come. She opened her eyes just as I popped, and blinked as my sperm shot through the air, hitting the ground about half-way between us.

I don't know who was more mortified. She screamed and I ducked back behind the tree, stuffing my leaking cock back into my shorts, frantically hiding what she'd already seen. Then I heard a series of splashes and looked up in time to see her shapely, naked buttocks pumping as she sprinted into the creek, diving under cover as soon as the water was deep enough. Even then, she kept putting distance between us, thrashing about like a beginning swimmer. She screamed again; was she was drowning? I thought she must have hit a drop-off.

I kicked off my shoes and went in after her, seeing her head disappear again as I reached the drop-off and dove in. I couldn't see her in the muddy water, but it didn't matter. She found me, knocking into me with her panicky thrashing, and then grabbed me in a death grip that threatened to drown us both. I'm strong from working out and running, but it took all I had to get us out of that damn hole. I nearly had to clip her one.

When she realized she was out of danger and was clinging nakedly to the same peeping tom she'd been fleeing, she abruptly let go of me. I wiped the streaming water out of my face and hair and shook my head, then stood with my hands on my hips, getting my breath back. I couldn't help looking at her up close while she stared at the creek water. She tried to cover her shivering, dripping-wet body with only her arms and hands, but she couldn't hide the light freckles that were sprinkled almost everywhere. I hadn't noticed

them before. They were adorable.

Then she was staring so hard at me that I looked down at myself to see what the matter was. My body hair was plastered against my dark-tanned skin, my muscles gleaming wetly, and my thin nylon running shorts were almost transparent and clinging to me. They barely kept her from seeing what she'd seen once before.

"I don't know whether to slap you or thank you," she said, her teeth chattering with reaction.

I swallowed. "I'd say you have every right to do both."

She nodded once. "Hey, I know you! I've seen you around before, jog-

hurt you like that after the way you fulfilled my favorite fantasy this afternoon."

She blushed even more furiously. "What on earth brought you way out here at just the wrong time anyway? I've never done anything like this in my entire life. You must think I'm some kind of weirdo or something."

"I think you're a dream come true, and even more interesting to talk to." That stopped her in her tracks. She stared at me.

"You're just saying that." She looked down at her toes and muttered to herself. "But I don't know why. He's seen everything. What more could he



ging I think. What's your name?" she demanded.

I couldn't help my grin. "Tom. What's yours?"

"Angie." She began backing away, looking around for something, probably her clothes. No way did want her to find them. I liked her just the way she was

"Have I seen you around?" I asked stupidly, anything to delay her search.

"Probably. I work at the bank in the new shopping plaza." Her face screwed up suddenly and she moaned, and then stared at me. "You won't tell anyone about all this, will you?" She blushed.

"I won't make you lose your job, if that's what's worrying you. I couldn't

want to butter me up for?"

"Do you always think out loud and talk to yourself?"

"Yes. It drives most people crazy."

"I like it," I said. "Come sit down on the rock with me and talk to me some more. You don't want to get dressed while you're still wet anyway..."

"You'll think I'm immodest."

"No, honestly." I sat down and patted the rock beside me. To my amazement she did sit down, turning her back to me while she wrung the dripping creek water out of her long hair. I enjoyed the sight of her ass. She turned when she finished crossing her legs to hide her pussy, holding one hand over each glorious breast. Her hands didn't

quite make it. She was very generously built for such a small thing. I noticed the incredible contrast between her soft, light skin and my deep tan. "I love your freckles, I admitted."

She laughed. "Keep watching; there are more popping out every minute I'm out in this sun." When I looked at her, she stammered, "Um, I mean, don't really look, ah ..."

I had to laugh. "How old are you, Angie?"

She drew herself up as best she could. "Twenty. How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-one. Are you married?"

dried us and chased our shivers away. I knew she looked at me every time I wasn't looking directly at her face, and I could feel a new tension growing between us. I had the feeling she'd be a tiger to fuck.

"I'm still a virgin," she stated boldly, seeming to read my mind so well that I stared at her. "You aren't, are you?" she asked, watching my face and shaking her head even as I shook mine. "I didn't think so," she sighed and sat quietly, absentmindedly squeezing her breasts while she stared sadly at me. She looked at me the "N-no, it feels good," she breathed. "Can ... can I feel you ... naked?" I sure was glad I was sitting. I felt even better when I eased myself down flat on the warm rock, pulling her down beside me. I started to peel off my clothes and she eagerly helped me, nearly getting whipped in the face by my cock as it sprang free.

I was eager to feel her bare hands on my bare cock, but when she saw it so close up, she looked disappointed as hell. "Ooh, it's so big. I'm sorry, Tony. It would never work." She sighed shakily; I thought she might cry.

"No, it's not too big, Angie. Trust me." I pulled her face to mine and kissed her for the first time. It was so odd. I knew how she came, but not how she kissed. Her lips quivered at first, then parted for me and she eased down onto her back. I followed her move, rolling half on top of her, my cock pressed against her silky soft thigh. She kissed just fine, learning my moves and then using them on me!

Soon her soft hands were stroking my shoulders, back, and ass, and our hearts were pounding madly. I forgot the hard rock beneath us, the sun shining down, the gentle

breezes, the moving water. My dick was throbbing, my hands and mouth were full of succulent titties, and I was in heaven.

When I pulled myself up to get between her legs, she balked. "My rubber! Where is it?"

"Your what?"

She looked around frantically. "I stole a rubber from my parents months ago, praying I'd need it someday. Where are my clothes?" She got on her hands and knees. "Don't go away. Stay right where you are. Please!"

I settled back on my heels and sighed. "When you took off your clothes, where did you put them?"

"I didn't put them, I threw them. Away from the creek, to be sure they didn't float downstream," she said, scrambling over the far edge of the



"Are you kidding? Why would a married woman be out in the sticks playing with herself?" She blushed again but glared at me at the same time. I found the effect charming.

"Got any boyfriends?" I asked.

"No. Got any girlfriends? " she retorted.

"No, I replied."

"Amazing," she muttered under her breath. "You're only gorgeous."

"Do you really think so?" I asked, pleased as all hell.

"Of course I think so. So does every chick in town, I'm sure. Can I get dressed now?" she asked plaintively. "If you'd only look around, my clothes can't be far."

"I'd rather not. You're very beautiful just as you are." My cock was stirring again as the sun warmed and way some women look at a rich dessert they can't have. It was incredibly arousing. My cock was fighting to be released from my shorts again.

"Why aren't you leaving?" she asked with surprise after a minute. I turned toward her and smiled, then slowly and carefully reached out and grasped one of her wrists, pulling her hand away from her breast. I sat there admiring it, while I brought her hand to my throbbing hard-on. Her hand jumped away, and then came back on its own to feel my cock thoroughly while her sky-blue eyes just got bigger and bigger. "I didn't think you could ... you just ... Again?! God, that's so hard! Doesn't it hurt?"

I chuckled even though her hand felt fantastic on my dick. "Does your clit hurt when it stiffens?"







rock. "Aha!" She came up with a pair of raggedy cut-offs, fished the packet out, and then tossed the shorts back over her shoulder. She stared at the packet as she knelt down beside me. "What if it doesn't fit?"

I took it from her and tore it open. "I'm not King Kong, Angie. Just a guy who needs relief pretty badly. Will you lie down?" She did, with remarkable speed, while I rolled the rubber on my swollen cock.

"I'm ready," she said, looking as nervous as anything. I had to smile.

I reached out and opened her legs. I lowered my face to her virgin pussy and heard her gasp, then pulled her lips apart with fingers that shook just a little, smelling her heady scent, drooling in anticipation. Then I licked—just a little lick—and she forgot how

to breathe. I kissed and licked and sucked that sweet pussy of hers until she not only remembered how to breathe, but how to squirm, and how to talk.

"Oh, Tony. That feels . . . so wild! I think I am ready to get fucked. Are you ready yet?" she gasped.

"Not quite." I put one finger at the entrance to her engorged cunt and gently probed, while I kissed and licked and sucked some more. She bucked against my finger, swallowing it more quickly than I meant. My cock lurched impatiently. She would be a tiger, all right. I felt

her inside walls, warm and welcoming and wet. She seemed tight, but not unduly. That was good, because I couldn't wait any longer. I rose above her, positioning my cock carefully.

"Now?" she asked eagerly.

I rubbed the head of my cock up and down her wet slit, and then pushed gently at her opening. She tried to hold still for me, she really did, until I said, "Now." Before I knew it, half my cock was lodged in her pussy; I mean lodged. She froze, hissing in her breath as she became accustomed to the feel of my shaft jammed inside her. I rocked side to side just a bit and felt my cock slip in a little further. I tried that again, gradually increasing the pressure of my thrust while her hands gripped my arms ever more tightly. I was sweating with the effort to go slowly, to be gentle.

"Oh, do it quick! I can't stand it!" she whispered and wriggled her hips just a smidge. That's all it took. I was buried to the hilt in her tight, wet pussy and my cock felt electrified. This time we both froze.

"Did I hurt you?" I asked in a minute, wanting to move... needing to move

"I don't think so," she breathed. "Try again."

You just had to love that girl. She had spunk! I gave a little stroke, then another. She smiled, and I tried a few

me, and then writhed, trying to turn onto her side, nearly pitching me off. I had to grab her by the ass and hold her tight to ride out the storm, gritting my teeth against the seductive, rhythmic clasping of her pussy on my cock. When she was finished she hugged me breathlessly, then her eyes widened in shock as I began moving again.

"Oh, Tony!" She was immediately swept away on another ride to orgasm, and this time I meant to come with her. I nuzzled my nose in her damp neck under her ear and fucked her good, giving her everything I had. I fucked her the way a lady tiger deserved to be fucked. She held my head and kissed my face, my ear, my shoulder. "Give it to me. Fuck me, Tony! Come in me. Now!"

With a mighty groan I did, puls-



more. It felt great and she was incredibly responsive. She began making that urgent little noise I'd heard her make before when she was about to come. It was a good thing I'd come such a short time ago or I'd never have lasted a minute. She kept looking at me through sexy, love-dazed, half closed eyes as though she couldn't believe what was happening was real—as though I was a hero, a god. I had to kiss her eyes closed so I could concentrate; only the feel of my lips on her lids and lashes almost made her come!

She jerked violently underneath

ing hard, long and deep. She went wild, bucking under me so much we rolled off the damn rock, scraping our knees and elbows and her poor sweet ass. We landed in the grass instead of the creek, or I'd have drowned with a smile on my face.

The lesson I learned that day? Never fuck a tiger on a rock. Choose nice soft grass, or a bed, or a fluffy rug in front of the fire. Maybe in a bathtub or shower if you're luck to experience fucking a tiger like I have. But find your own lady tiger. Angie's mine, all mine.



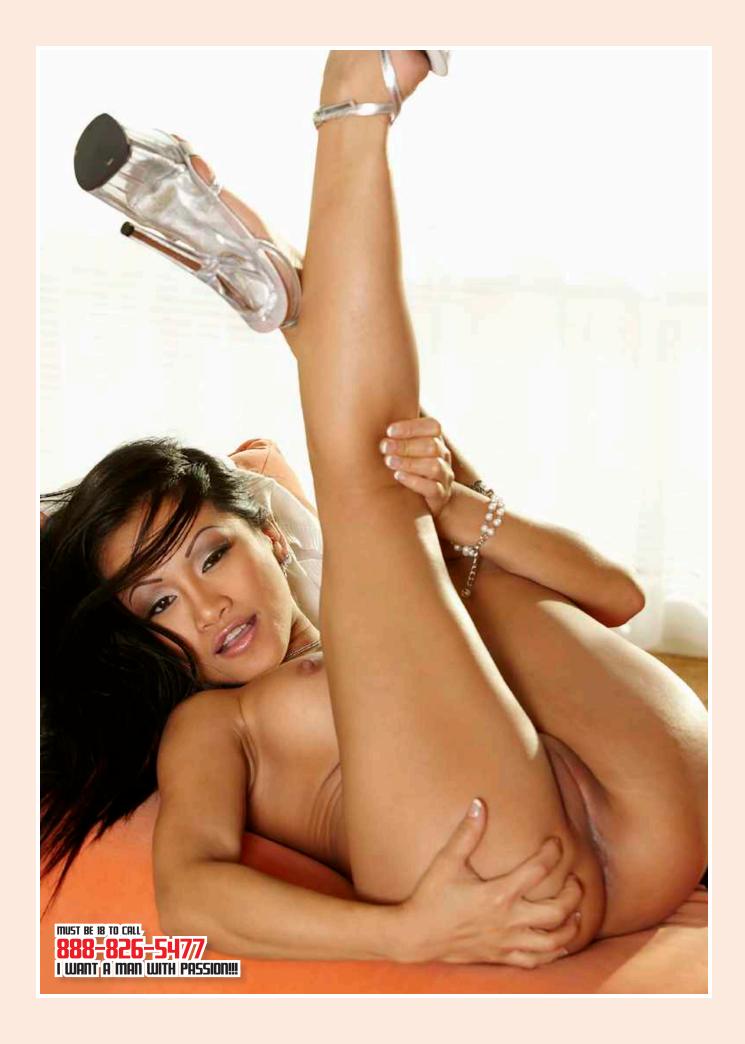








































































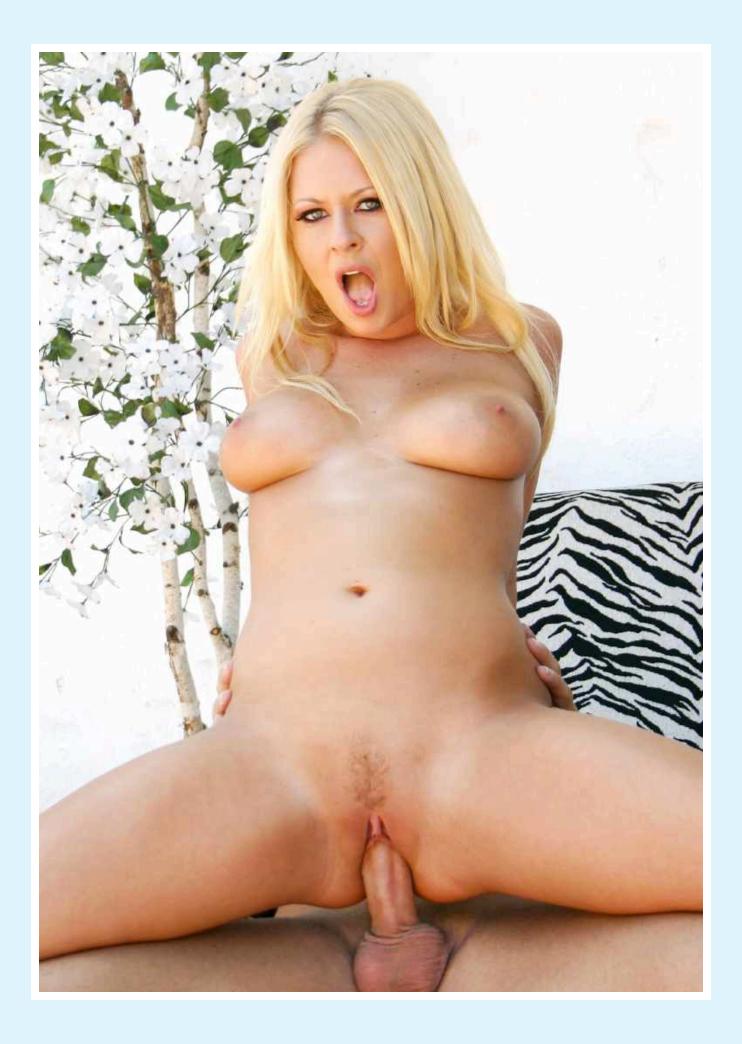


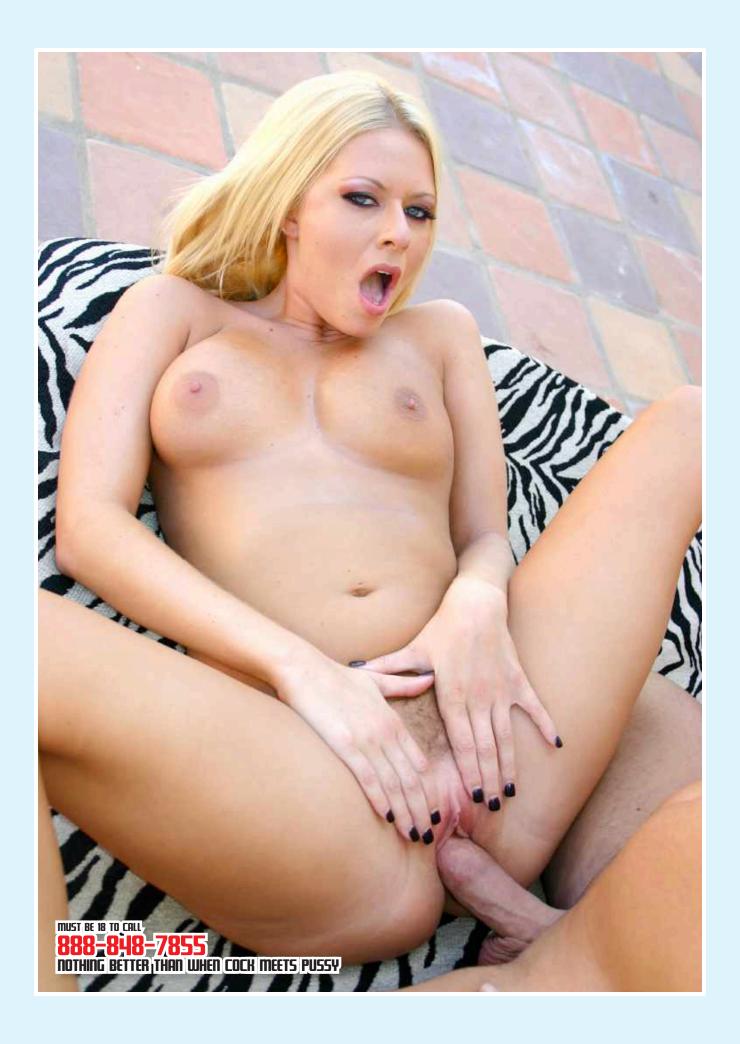


















correspondence

30 + 40



Sophie Dee is one busty deelight. She licked and thrust her way to the top of the adult charts thanks to her longevity and busty deployment. This petite Brit is a charm to work with, many a yankee guy and gal confess. Always ready to please, Sophie's insatiable appetite is readily apparent in all her appearances. She puts on a bloody good show. -ED.

COFFEE BOY

The worst thing about a bad day at the office is the next morning. The exhaustion piles up from the lack of sleep the night before, there's still the lingering feelings from what was left over, and the uncertainty over what the new day might bring. Sometimes all that builds up into another stressful day. But sometimes, every now and then, something happens to snap the tension.

For me, it was coffee.

The day before had been particularly hard, only to come home to a crazy house with screaming kids who didn't let

me rest. I was late and didn't have time to make my traditional coffee stop on the way in. I was grouchy and moody, and no one seemed to want to be around me. Then Davis poked his head in, offering to go and get coffee for the floor. He was my age, but he had a baby face and seemed to radiate perpetual youth. Between his bright smile and pants that were always exactly the right size to accentuate his perfect bubble ass, I'll admit that I've let my eyes wander a few times, but that morning was somehow special.

When he returned with the coffee, he let himself in and sat with me, almost like he could sense my mood and knew what I needed more than I did. We talked for a while, about anything and everything except for work. And before he left, he asked how I was doing, saying that he noticed I seemed down. He gave me an ear and listened. He made my day and turned it around.

When it was time to leave for the day, Davis again found himself in my office, more relaxed. His tie was undone, and sleeves rolled up, revealing his toned arms and the outline

of his tanned chest. As for me, I was checked out and had slimmed down to a sleeveless blouse with the top buttons undone, letting out my ample bosom a little. I thought I saw Davis looking a few times, and I threw back my long, flowing blonde hair to let him have a gaze, encouraging him.

Outside, the sun started to set as we drifted further and further from work topics. Eventually, we found ourselves sitting on the office couch together, going over some files that truthfully could've waited for a while. One of us told a joke, and, as we looked up to laugh with one another, we suddenly found our lips locked. I'm really not sure if me or him started it, but I know I wanted it. That smile, those lips, his eyes, his strength, even his ass, I wanted it, and he knew I wanted it.

He quickly took over, giving me what I wanted most of all: attention. He slid me down onto the couch and hovered over me, careful to keep his weight up as he looked into my eyes. It was only a moment, but it felt an eternity just to see someone who wanted me, who appreciated what I did and who I could be. And in that moment, he could've had anything he wanted.

His hands slowly unbuttoned my blouse, freeing my breasts from what felt like a prison. They sprang to life under his care, his fingers finding the tops of the peaks easily and freely. I moaned, arching my back at the pleasure and enjoying the feel of his touch against me. And his hands kept going, kept finding new places to explore, places I hadn't been touched in years.

It didn't take long before he slid his hand down towards my waist, reaching in and letting his fingers find my wet, yearning pussy. I moved my hips and drew him deeper in, not afraid of my moans so late, and not even really caring about them even then. I just wanted him. His care, his touch, his body. I was finally losing patience and I started to lean up, rip-













ping at his clothes. When I finally got them off, I whispered for him to take me. He just smiled and nodded obediently, laying me back on the couch and letting his throbbing cock slide into the hole he prepared so well. I let out a moan of blissful gratitude and urged him on faster and harder.

I let him have me, let him use me, and I used him all for the feeling that were rushing through me,

our bodies together, our flesh holding tightly and not wanting to let go. And even as he finished with a satisfied scream of his own, Davis let his body fall onto mine, us as one, and we stayed there late into the night, holding one another. I don't know what might come of it in the long term, but for now I am certainly grateful for my coffee boy.

- Miranda, Memphis, TN

PEDALING PUSSY

"Are you serious?" I asked Simone.

"Totally serious," she said. "Nobody ever taught me how."

Was my coworker pulling my leg? Was this her idea of a joke? My suspicions vanished when her face flushed with embarrassment. Her confession had been on the level. She honestly did not know how to ride a bicycle.

"Hey, Simone, it's no big deal."

"Says you, Stuart."

I'll admit it was pretty odd—a twentyone-year-old bereft of this basic skill. I was curious, yet reticent to pry. After all, her life story was none of my business.

We had just finished eating lunch in the staff lounge. Simone was our newest employee, newest and youngest. She was a cute redhead. Short and curvy, she had green eyes and a smile that lit up the room. Now, in the wake of her confession, that smile had been replaced with a frown.



"It's never too late to learn, Simone."

"Who's going to teach me? It's not like signing up for karate or taking tennis lessons, you know."

"I can teach you."

Simone searched my face. "Oh no. I couldn't ask you to—"

"You didn't ask me. I offered."

She was nonplussed.

"Look," I said, "do you want to ride a bike or not?"

"Of course I do."

"Then let me teach you. There's nothing to it, Simone. It's a cinch. You'll be a whiz in no time."

"But I don't even own a bike."

"Not a problem," I said. "We'll use mine."

We met at the park the following weekend. It was a nice day; pleasantly cool with lots of sunshine. An empty basketball court provided the ideal spot.

Having lowered the saddle on my Italian racing bike to accommodate Simone, I had her straddle the thing. Then I explained the basics of my particular model. "The lever on the right controls the rear brake," I told her. "The one on the left controls the—"

Without warning, Simone took off!

I tried to grab her, tried and failed. Not that it mattered. She was in no danger of crashing. Simone pedaled around the perimeter of the court like an old pro.

Dear editor,

I gotta tell you, I'm in love with Sophie Dee. She's one amazing sex machine. The whole time I looked at the pictorial in your magazine I was hard. After only a couple pages I had to pull myself out of my pants and whack off to her photos. That big cock in her pussy and in her mouth made mine look pretty small, but I still wanted to jam mine into her. Do you think she would ever consider letting me fuck her, or do you know if she is only into big cocks? Any advice you could give me would be greatly appreciated.

- Brett, Miami







I was surprised, at first. Then angry. My coworker had lied. She could ride a bike with the best of them. I had been hoodwinked.

Pumping her legs, Simone smiled at me while riding in smooth circles. She found the whole thing immensely amusing. I didn't think it was funny at all.

"Look, Simone, I don't know what this little stunt is all about, but I'm not impressed. I have better things to do than—"

"I just wanted to spend some time with you," she admitted.

She braked to a stop on the free throw line. Straddling my bike, her feet planted firmly on the court, she regarded me with imploring eyes.

"Is that so bad, Stu?"

Her light weight dress billowed in the breeze. I caught a glimpse of creamy upper thigh.

"Well, no," I replied. "But—"

"So I lied. I can ride a bike. Big whoop, hooray for me. But I'm still a virgin."

"Come again?"

"You heard me. I'm a virgin."

"You mean you lured me out here to—"
"Lose my virginity? You bet I did, Stu."

I was flattered that she wanted me to be her first, flattered and more than a little bewildered. Couldn't she have just asked me out on a proper date? Coffee? Lunch? Why such an elaborate scheme? Clearly Simone was bat shit bonkers. Not that this detracted from the prospect of deflowering her. If, I reasoned, she is indeed a virgin. Hell, she could be lying about that as well.

There was only one way to find out.

The ladies room was Simone's idea. Who was I to argue? If she wanted to have her cherry popped in a public restroom that was her business.

She closed and locked the stall door. Having already dropped my pants, I stood there beside the toilet stroking my cock.

"Turn around," I told her, "and place your hands on the stall wall."

"Are you going to frisk me, officer?"

"No," I said, "but I am going to fuck you."



Per my direction, Simone placed one foot atop the toilet lid. I raised the hem of her dress above her shapely hips.

She had worn a black thong for her special day. I ripped it savagely. My display of aggression prompted her to shove a hand between her legs. She rubbed her pussy, cooing and mewling. She was hot and ready.

But was she really a virgin?

I pushed inside her, relishing the snug embrace of her wet gash. Her tightness spoke volumes. No doubt about it. She was a virgin. I was her first. And intent on pounding her unsullied pussy like there was no tomorrow.

Simone reacted accordingly, grunting and groaning as I thrust repeatedly. Her ample ass, soft and white as snow, shimmied and shook as I reamed her from the rear. Her virginal snatch milked me faster than I would've liked. Still, I could hardly complain. And, judging from the gasps she made when I creamed her cooze, Simone had no problems with my performance.

But it wasn't to be a perfect day; this I learned upon emerging from the ladies room and discovering that my bike had been stolen. In my haste to screw Simone I had forgotten to lock it to my trunk rack.

Simone felt awful. She even offered to buy me a new bike.

Until I told her how much mine cost!

— Ian H., Little Rock, AR

Dear editor,

I'm a man of few words but a lot of action. I'm what you call a fuck-a-holic. I just love to fuck and do it almost every day. I need a woman like Sophie Dee to keep up with me. She's just my type and I'd have her on a 24 hour booty call to service me whenever I get horny. Oh, and those boobs of hers are perfect.

- Hank, Reno

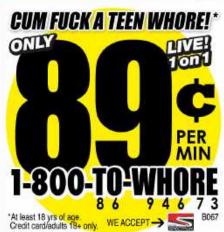
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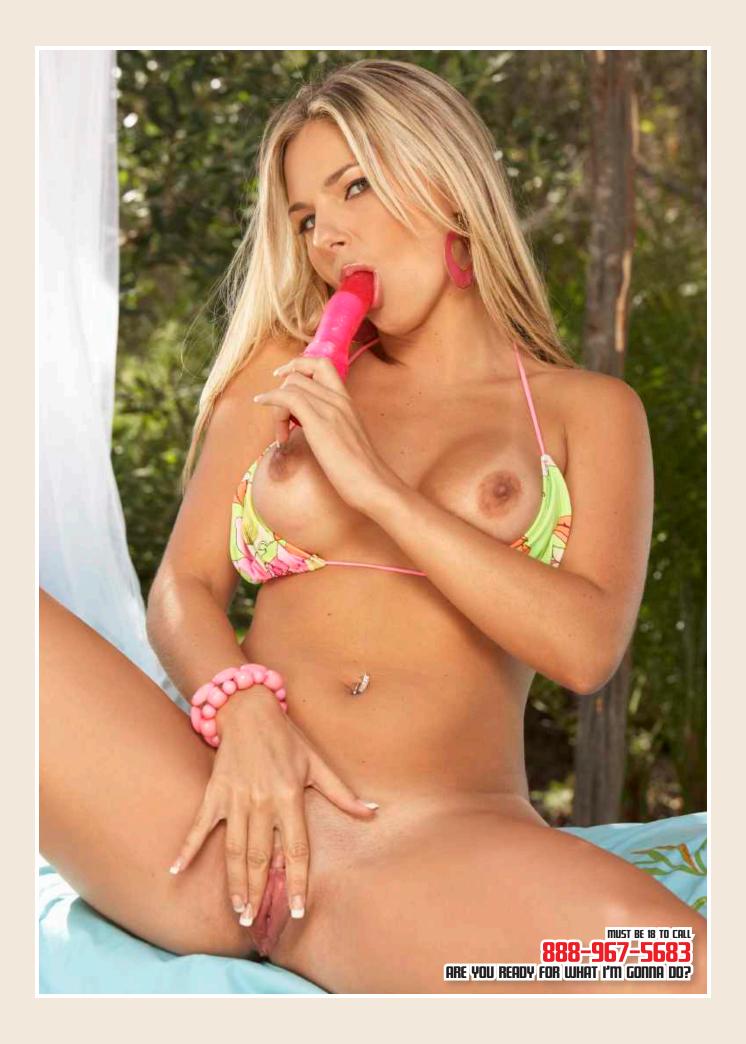














































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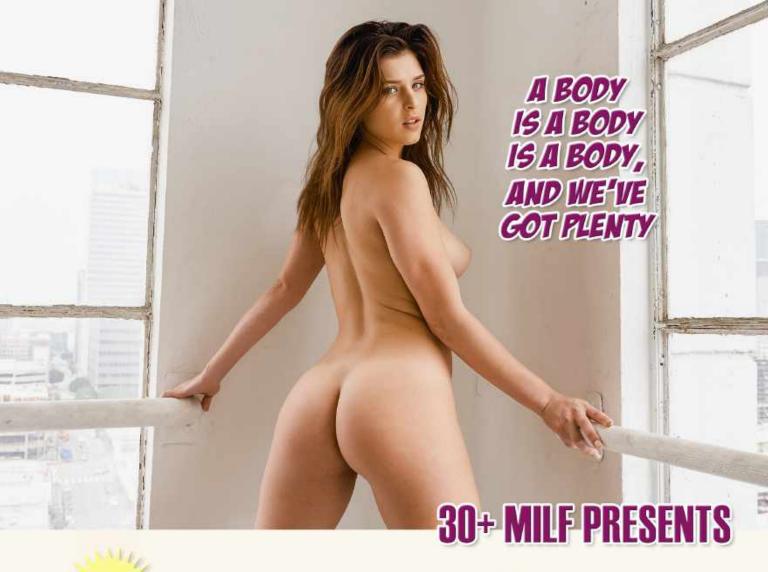












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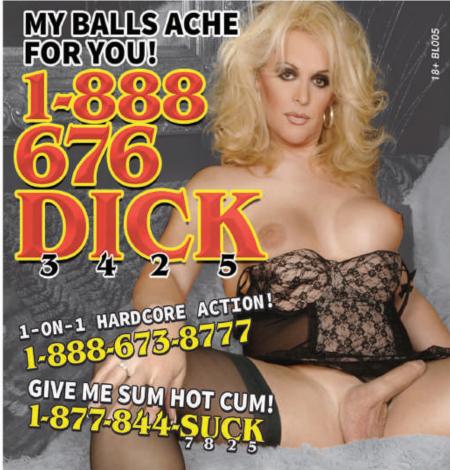


































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